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KISSES.

Sitting to-night in my chamber,
A bachelor frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke-wreaths,
Memories tender surround me,
Girls that are married—or buried,
Gather around me.

School-girls in pantaloons romping;
Girls that have grown to be misses;
Girls that liked to be kissed, and
Liked to give kisses.

Kisses—well I remember them!
Those in the corner were fleetest;
Sweet were those "on the sly," in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was tender and gentle;
To woo was almost to win her;
Her lips were as good as ripe peaches
And milk for dinner.

Nell was fleet and coquettish;
'Twas, catch me and kiss if you can, girl
Could I catch her—ah! was I
A happy man, sir.

Anna has gone on a mission,
Off to the South Sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders,
And cooks her own dinners.

Charlotte, and Susan, and Hattie,
Mary Jane, Lucy and Maggie;
Four are married and plump, and two
Maiden and scraggy.

Carrie is dead! Bloom sweetly,
Ye magnificentes over her rest;
Her I loved dearly and truly,
Last and the best.

Thus I sit smoking and thinking,
A bachelor, frigid and lonely;
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That and that only.

If some crusty old Bachelor is an-
swerable for the following:

"Nature, impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
Injustice then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest."

MARIA GRAFTON,

Let girls choose their own Husbands.

Seated in a pleasant chamber, was a young lady, the daughter of one of the most aristocratic merchants in New England. He had risen from obscurity, and by a course, although not strictly honest, yet in accordance with the practice of the wealthiest mechanic in the country had amassed a large amount of property. With him wealth was everything, he knew nothing of happiness, save when it was considered in the scale of dollars and cents, and needed only that a man be wealthy no matter by what means he became so, to insure respect.

His residence was but a few miles from the city of Boston, and was one of the most beautiful in the vicinity. No pains were spared to make it worthy of notice, for Mr. Grafton was a man of fine taste. His youngest daughter, Maria, was the only child remaining at home. Two sons on whom he placed his hopes for the reputation of his family name, and on whom he designed to bestow the greater portion of his wealth, died ere they had attained manhood. Of the three daughters two were married, leaving Maria with her father, who loved her next to his money.

Sad were the thoughts of that fair girl as she sat alone in her chamber, but they were soon interrupted. The voice of her father summoned her to the parlor.—When she descended, she found he was accompanied by a young man named Stevens, who had some time previously offered his hand to Maria. But not content with her refusal, and knowing the attachment of her father to wealth, he called him to aid. Maria raised her eyes as she entered the room, but as she saw Stevens, she turned her head and seated herself by the window. Her father ad-

dressed her, presenting Stevens, and informed her that it was his wish that she should accept him as her future husband. Maria informed her father that she had rejected Mr. Stevens once, and that even did she love him, which she was very certain she did not, her own judgment taught her better than to risk her happiness in his hands.

"What do you know of love?" said Mr. Grafton, "and why are you unwilling to risk your happiness with him? His wealth is sufficient to procure every comfort, and his character—"

"Injurious!" interrupted Maria, looking him full in the face.

Stevens turned pale, his lips quivered with rage, and the anger of her father scarcely knew bounds. At length pointing his finger at Stevens, he inquired, "And what do you know of his character?"

"Enough to convince me that my words are true," answered Maria.

"My daughter," said Mr. Grafton, assuming a milder tone, though you may have heard reports unfavorable to Mr. Stevens, believe me they are without foundation. He is one of the wealthiest men in the city."

"He may be all that you think he is," said Maria, "but I cannot marry him."

"You may go to your chamber," said the father, "I am determined that Henry Stevens shall be my son-in-law, and you must marry him or quit my house—I will neither own nor support an ungrateful and disobedient daughter. To-morrow I shall expect an answer."

Maria knew too well the character of her father to make any reply. She knew that her refusal of Stevens would bring down his wrath on her head, and had written to both of her sisters stating the circumstances, and requesting, in case her father should drive her from the house, the privilege of remaining a short time with them. Their husbands having married them more on account of their father's wealth than for any affection they had felt for them, feared that if they gave Maria a home, their father would disinherit them. Such is the effect which wealth has on the affections.

Maria retired to her chamber, and after giving vent to a flood of tears, deliberated what course to pursue. One thing was certain, she was determined not to marry Stevens. The next thing was how could she obtain a living? After thinking over the matter some time she said to herself:

"Well, I have a good constitution and can labor; but how would it appear for the daughter of the rich Mr. Grafton to go about the city seeking employment?"

At last she concluded that rather than remain in the city, she would go to some village, and, if possible obtain employment. At this moment she recollect having heard one of the housemaids speak of being employed in a factory, and she descended to the kitchen.

"Hannah," said she addressing the girl, "I heard you a few days since speak of working in a factory; how did you like it there?"

"O! I liked it very much, Miss Maria, and should have remained there, had my health been good."

"Was the work harder than your work here?" enquired Maria.

"No ma'am, I don't think it was, but it was more confining."

"Will you tell me where it is?" enquired Maria.

The girl gave the required information and the name of the overseer of the room where she had worked, and the name of the lady with whom she had boarded, adding, "she is the kindest woman I ever saw."

The mind of Maria was now made up. She decided upon entering a factory.—Another difficulty now presented itself—Would her father allow her to take her clothing and what money she had; she determined that if he should still adhere to his resolution, to ask him the question. In the morning she met her father at the breakfast table. At length her father enquired:

"Well, Maria, have you concluded to marry Mr. Stevens?"

Maria hesitated a moment, but said firmly, "I have not."

"You heard my determination last night," said he; "I now repeat it—you must marry Stevens, or quit my house."

"I cannot marry him, father," said she; "sooner would I quit not only this house, but the world!"

"Then go!" said he, angrily raising from the chair.

"Shall I take my clothes?" asked Maria.

"Yes, and never let me see or hear from you again," said he, slamming the door violently, and leaving her alone.

Maria sank back in her chair, and wept bitterly. For a moment she seemed almost to comply with his wish; but the idea that she must forever be linked to a villain, and suffer reproach if his villainess were discovered, was more than she could bear, and she preferred the anguish of separating from her friends, free with honor, to that of marrying Stevens. She hastily packed up her things, and in a few hours left her father's house.

As she passed through the city of Boston, where her sisters resided, a desire sprang up to see them, but from their recent treatment, she dared not visit them, and she also feared again meeting her father.

Maria was well furnished with clothes, and had about twenty-five dollars in mon-

ey. Although she had been surrounded with wealth, she never knew the value of money. A thousand reflections, doubts and fears crossed her mind as she was pursuing her journey to the place designated by the girl of whom she had enquired at her father's house; and although she felt sad at the thought of being driven from home, she could scarce suppress a smile at the awkwardness with which she would engage in any kind of labor.

She at last arrived at the house of Mrs. D—, the lady designated by Hannah, and easily obtained board in the family. She also learned, that Mr. P., the overseer whose name she had taken was in want of help.

It is unnecessary for us to follow the fortunes of Maria through their various channels. She entered the factory, learned to work, and found many friends; among whom, and the only one it would be of interest to the reader to name, was Caroline Perkins; a girl about her age. These two soon became intimate friends. In the factory their rooms were next to each other, and they occupied the same room at the boarding house. They were much attached to Mrs. D—, with whom they boarded, and she in turn evinced a deep interest in their welfare.

About six months after Maria entered the factory, an incident occurred which united the friends closer to each other.—One evening as they were in their chamber, and Caroline was engaged in packing a large trunk, Maria, who was looking, was rather surprised at the amount of clothing and jewelry possessed by Caroline, and jokingly enquired if her beau was a jeweler.

Caroline blushed and after some hesitation informed Maria that her father had been very wealthy, but at his death it was ascertained that his property, though amply sufficient to pay his own debts would be swept away by the failure of some friends for whom he had endorsed notes. The creditors had allowed her to keep everything given by her father except the piano. She also told her, that although she might have supported herself by music teaching, she preferred working in a factory to remaining among those who, though they were once intimate friends, would consider her, after the loss of her wealth, as far below them.

Maria repaid Caroline, by telling her own story, and her reasons for leaving home, and corroborated her story by the display of jewelry and other trinkets her father had allowed her to take.

Probably there never were two persons who enjoyed life better than these girls. None save themselves knew their history, and as their natural dispositions were not arrogant they never appeared above their fellow-laborers.

For two years they remained together, at the end of which Caroline was married, and at the urgent request of herself and husband, Maria was induced to leave the factory for a while at least, and take up her abode with them.

One day, while Maria was engaged in perusing a newspaper which had been left at the house, her eyes fell on a paragraph stating that Mr. Henry Stevens, who had always been considered a wealthy merchant, was arrested and committed to prison for committing heavy forgeries.

She handed it to Caroline, with a shudder, exclaiming, "as I expected."

The next brought intelligence that no doubt was entertained of his guilt; and that Mr. Grafton, if not entirely ruined, would be a heavy loser on account of his villainies, as he had loaned him a large sum of money. For a moment Maria indulged in the idea of immediately visiting her father; but after consulting Caroline, concluded to write to him, which she did.—She begged his pardon for not obeying him, and requested him to receive her again to his arms, adding a postscript, that she had a hundred dollars which she would send him, if he was in want of money to pay his losses by Stevens. Her father read the letter with more feeling of sorrow than anger, but at the end of it broke out in a hearty laugh, exclaiming:

"Well, women are the best judges of reasonals."

In a few days he visited Maria, expressing his regret of the sorrow he had caused her and requested her to return with him. Maria complied with his request; and became once more an inmate of her fatherly home. Her father endeavored by every means to make her happy, as an atonement for the past wrong; and when about a year after she asked his consent to her marriage with a mechanic, without wealth, he answered:

"Do as you please, Maria; I have learned to let every girl choose her own husband."

The man who did not think it respectable to bring up his children to work has just heard from his three sons. One of them was a driver on a canal, another had been taken up as a vagrant, and the third had gone to a public institution to learn the shoe business under a keeper.

The following marriage notice appears in the Virginia papers:—"On the 19th instant, in the county of Dinwiddie, by the Rev. John Willroy, Malory Kirby, Mr. John Sturdvant, in the 22d year of his age, to the amiable and well-to-do Miss Martha Oliver, aged 86 years."

The salary of Henry Ward Beecher is to be raised to \$7,000.

FEMALE COURAGE,

OR THE GERMAN HEROINE.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November, a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little road side inn situate between the Hornberg, and Rotweil, on the frontiers of the Duchy and Baden.

Two travelers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travelers' ears with the loud moaning of the North wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The inn-keeper and his wife had, for their own domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Kretzel, for such was her name, was a host in herself; housekeeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the stray visitants in the one best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active, and good humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck and the travelers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected around the stove. Father Koffkirch, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events, of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Koffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way.

One scene of the legend was little more than a gunshot from the inn-door; it was a tradition, unfortunately, but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration a gloomy veracity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings. All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Koffkirch had caused, when one of the travelers before mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was then their only reply. Suddenly the young Kretzel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, arose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused; alleging the loneliness of the place in the case of danger, but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Kretzel only requested that the inn door should be left open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal to prove on the morrow that she really had visited the spot, she walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take to flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Kretzel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's foot struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself.—She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought, she unloosed the horse, leaped on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued, but redoubling her speed, she reached the inn yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away. When the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leather valise was attached to its saddle; Father Koffkirch would not suffer it to be opened except in the presence of the burgo-master.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the inn-keeper, his wife, their guests, all set out to the neighboring town, where they intended after service to acquaint the burgo-master with the last evening's adventure. Kretzel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation, but this young servant-maid having watched the party disappear, fearlessly sat about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely elapsed, when there came a knock at the outer door, it was a traveler on horseback, who asked leave to rest a little. Kretzel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there seemed little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time

examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting he asked many questions about the inn and its owner; inquired whose horse it was that had attracted his attention so much; and in short acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him of her late adventure, and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length; at last after a few unimportant questions the traveler desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Kretzel rose to obey; but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and turning round she saw the glitter of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the steps she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up against the wall; the man, muttering imprecaisons advanced a few steps, groping his way. Kretzel, profiting by this movement, roundly stepped agile and noiseless, closed the door on the pretended traveler, and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Kretzel had not been many minutes ensconced in her retreat when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn door, and she perceived two ill-looking men who asked her what had become of a traveler who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the person whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was again deserting her; for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity Kretzel looked around her, and her eyes fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it and pointed the muzzle out of the window, and cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers, for such they were, could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the fire-arms when expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return in greater force.—In spite of her fear our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and his friends coming in sight accompanied by the burgo-master and some Officers.

The brave Kretzel rushed to the door, and her fear amounting almost to despair gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the burgo-master especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber whom Kretzel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured; and soon after recognized as the chief of a band of robbers who had for sometime spread terror over the country. His men wandering about over the country without a captain were quickly taken or dispersed.

The burgo-master decided that the horse, and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to young Kretzel whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

The Englishman's Snuff Box.

The French papers have not under the influence of the alliance, ceased to have their jokes upon Englishmen; and one of the drollest is told as follows, by the *Union Bretoine*, from which we translate it.—

Lord C., well known for his eccentricities, went lately to the establishment of one of our most celebrated workmen in fancy articles.

"I want you to make me," said he, "a snuff box, with a view of my chateau on the lid."

"It is very easily done," was the reply, "if my lord will furnish me with the design."

"I will; but I want, also, at the entrance of my chateau, a niche in which there shall be a dog."

"That, too, shall be provided," answered the workman.

"But I want also, that some means should be contrived by which, as soon as any one looks at the dog, he shall go back into the niche, and only reappear when he is no longer looked at."

The workman looked inquiringly, as if to ascertain whether his customer was the victim of some mystification. Reassured by his examination, and like a clever man, understanding how to take advantage of the affair, he said:

"What you ask of me is very hard to comply with; such a snuff box will be very expensive; it will cost a thousand crowns."

"Very well; I'll pay you a thousand crowns."

"Then, my lord, it shall be made according to your wishes, and in a month I shall have the honor of delivering to you."

A month later the workman presented himself to Lord C.

"My lord, here is your snuff box."

Lord C. took it, examined it, and said: "That is my chateau with its turrets, and there is the niche by the door-way. But I see no dog."

"Did not your lordship say that you wished the dog to disappear when he was looked at?"

"I did," replied his lordship.

"And that he should reappear when he was no longer looked at?"

"That is true also."

"Well, you are looking at it, and the dog has gone into the niche. Put the box in your pocket, and the dog will reappear."

Lord C. reflected a moment, and then exclaimed, "all right, all right." He put the box in his pocket, and took out of his pocket-book three bank bills of a thousand francs each, and handed them to the skillful workman.

Spring Chickens

Are always in active demand from May to September, in the vicinity of all our cities, and the larger towns. Of course they are profitable to the farmers, and small landholders and cottagers, who breed them. This is a good month to set the hens, and hatch them out. For this purpose, a warm henhouse, and coops in sunny places, are required. Let the eggs be kept in a proper temperature, till the hen is ready to set on them. Thirteen is the proper number for a clutch of chickens. When hatched, if milk curds can be had, this is their best food. If not, soaked bread for the first few days, and after that, Indian meal well cooked, like mush for your own table. Raw meal wet up in the usual way, is harsh and scouring for their delicate stomachs. When a few weeks old, chopped cabbage, shives, and other tender vegetables, are to be added, and sour milk is the very best drink they can have.

We should by all means, entrust the early chickens to woman's care. She seems to possess the necessary instincts—worth all the boys and men in the country. We have known a Scotch, Dutch or Irish washerwoman's cottage, surrounded by a close wall, alive with early chickens when the gentleman's and farmer's premises would scarce supply a fowl for the table before September.

Don't keep the 'big' breeds for 'Spring chickens' either. A close, compact, early natural fowl is the thing for this purpose. In most large towns a plump, fat chicken, the size of a quail, will sell for as much in May or June, as a full grown one will in October; and if they only know you have them, the tavern-keepers and peddlers will be after them every day in the week. To the habit these latter people have of confining them in close, filthy coops for days together, we enter our protest. It poisons and defiles the taste of the flesh it makes them poor. Exercise, good air, and plenty of good food they should have, till they are wanted for the table; and every one who keeps them on hand for immediate use, should be well provided with yards, and roosting accommodation. To make chickens edibly perfect they should come on the table plump, juicy, and full of their own natural gravy. "Plump as a partridge," is the term which should be truthfully applied to the early chicken; and if they be not so, half their excellence is lost, while, if in perfection of flesh they are a positive luxury.

"Forget-me-not."

Mills, in his work upon chivalry, mentions that the beautiful little flower, "Forget-me-not," was known in England as Edward the Fourth, and in a note gives the following pretty incident:—

"Two lovers were loitering along the margin of a lake, on a fine summer's evening, when the maiden discovered some flowers growing in the water, close to the bank of an island at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropp'd the wished-for plant; but his strength was unable to fulfill the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers on the bank, and casting a last, affectionate look on his lady-love, said, "Forget-me-not!" and was buried in the water."

Mrs. Fremont's Contribution to the Poor.

In Mr. Beecher's Church, Brooklyn, at the close of the morning service on Sunday, a collection was taken for the benefit of the poor in the congregation. Among the audience was Mrs. Fremont, ("our Jessie," who happened to have no money in her pocket, as the plate was passed, took from her finger a heavy gold ring and threw it in as the only contribution which she was able at the moment to make. The ring contains on the outside an engraved "bee," (in allusion to a beautiful incident in Col. Fremont's passage of the Rocky Mountain's) and on the inside the inscription, "March 3, 1847." It will be sold for a charitable purpose, and will, no doubt, bring a high price.